

THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

JANUARY 18, 1781.

To the Cowpens riding proudly, boasting loudly, rebels
scorning,
Tarleton hurried, hot and eager for the fight;
From the Cowpens, sore-confounded, on that January
morning,
Tarleton hurried somewhat faster, fain to save himself
by flight.

In the morn he scorned us rarely, but he fairly found his
error,
When his force was made our ready blows to feel;
When his horsemen and his footmen fled in wild and
pallid terror
At the leaping of our bullets and the sweeping of our
steel.

All the day before we fled them, and we led them to
pursue us,
Then at night on Thicketty Mountain made our camp;
There we lay upon our rifles, slumber quickly coming to
us,
Spite the crackling of our camp-fires, and our sentries'
heavy tramp.

Morning on the mountain border ranged in order found
our forces,
Ere our scouts announced the coming of the foe;
While the hoar-frost lying near us, and the distant
water-courses,
Gleamed like silver in the sunlight, seemed like silver
in their glow.

Morgan ranged us there to meet them, and to greet them
with such favor
That they scarce would care to follow us again;
In the rear, the Continentals—none were readier nor
braver;
In the van, with ready rifles, steady, stern, our moun-
tain men.

Washington, our trooper peerless, gay and fearless, with
his forces
Waiting panther-like upon the foe to fall,
Formed upon the slope behind us, where, on raw-boned
country horses,
Sat the sudden-summoned levies brought from Georgia
by McCall.

Soon we heard a distant drumming, nearer coming, slow
advancing—
It was then upon the very nick of time—
Soon upon the road from Sparta we saw their bay-
onets glancing,
And the morning sunlight playing on their swaying
scarlet line.

In the distance seen so dimly, they looked grimly—com-
ing nearer
There was naught about them fearful after all,
Until some one near me spoke in voice than falling water
clearer—
"Tarleton's quarter is the sword-blade—Tarleton's
mercy is the ball."

Then the memory came unto me, heavy, gloomy, of my
brother
Who was slain while asking quarter at their hand;
Of that morning when was driven forth my sister and my
mother
From our cabin in the valley by the spoilers of the
land.

I remembered of my brother slain, my mother spurned
and beaten,
Of my sister in her beauty brought to shame;
Of the wretches' jeers and laughter, as from mud-sill up
to rafters,
Of the stripped and plundered cabin leapt the fierce,
consuming flame.

But that memory had no power there in that hour there
to depress me—
No! it stirred within my spirit fiercer ire;
And I gripped my sword-hilt firmer, and my arm and
heart grew stronger;
And I longed to meet the wronger on the sea of steel
and fire.

On they came, our might disdainful, when the raining
bullets leaden
Pattered fast from scattered rifles on each wing;
Here and there went down a foeman, and the ground be-
gan to redden;
And they drew them back a moment, like the tiger ere
his spring.

Then said Morgan, "Ball and powder kill much prouder
men than George's—
On your rifles and a careful aim rely;
They were trained in many battles—we in work-shops,
fields and forges;
But we have our homes to fight for, and we do not fear
to die."

Though our leader's words we cheered not, yet we feared
not—we awaited,
Strong of heart, the threatened onset, and it came:
Up the sloping hill-side swiftly rushed the foe so fiercely
hated;
On they came with gleaming bayonet, 'mid the can-
ons' smoke and flame.

At their head rode Tarleton proudly—ringing loudly
o'er the yelling
Of his men we heard his voice's brazen tone—
With his dark eyes flashing fiercely, and his sombre fea-
tures telling
In their look the pride that filled him as the champion
of the throne.

On they pressed, when sudden flashing, ringing, crashing,
came the firing
Of our forward line upon their close-set ranks;
Then at coming of their steel, which moved with steady-
ness untiring,
Fled our mountaineers, reforming in good order on our
flanks.

Then the combat's raging anger, din and clangor, round
and o'er us
Filled the forest, stirred the air and shook the ground;
Charged with thunder-tramp the horsemen, while their
sabres shone before us,
Gleaming lightly, streaming brightly through the
smoky cloud around.

Through the pines and oaks resounding, madly bounding
from the mountain,
Leapt the rattle of the battle and the roar;
Fierce the hand-to-hand engaging, and the human freshest
raging
Of the surging current urging past a dark and bloody
shore.

Soon the course of fight was altered; soon they faltered
at the leaden

Storm that smote them; and we saw their centre
swerve;

Tarleton's eye flashed fierce in anger; Tarleton's face
began to redden;

Tarleton gave the closing order—"Bring to action the
reserve!"

Up the slope his legion thundered, full three hundred;
fiercely spurring,

Cheering lustily, they fell upon our flanks;
And their worn and wearied comrades, at the sound so
spirit-stirring,

Felt a thrill of hope and courage pass along their
shattered ranks.

By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted lightly drifted to the
northward.

And displayed in all their pride the scarlet foe;
We beheld them, with a steady tramp and fearless moving
forward,

With their banners proudly waving, and their bayonets
levelled low.

Morgan gave his order clearly—"Fall back nearly to the
border

Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!"

Oh! they thought we had retreated, and they charged in
fierce disorder.

When out rang the voice of Howard—"To the right
about face! Fire!"

Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our
volley,

And our balls made red a pathway down the hill;
Broke the foe and shrank and cowered; rang again the
voice of Howard—

"Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!"—and we did it
with a will.

In the meanwhile one red-coated troop, unnoted, riding
faster

Than their comrades on our rear in fury bore;
But the light-horse led by Washington soon brought it
to disaster,

For they shattered it and scattered it, and smote it fast
and sore.

Like a herd of startled cattle from the battle-field we
drove them;

In disorder down the Mill-gap road they fled;
Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled before our
chasing,

And he stopped not for the dying, and he staid not for
the dead.

Down the Mill-gap road they scurried and they hurried
with such fleetness—

We had never seen such running in our lives!
Ran they swifter than if seeking homes to taste domestic
sweetness,

Having many years been parted from their children
and their wives.

Ah! for some, no wife to meet them, child to greet
them, friend to shield them!

To their home o'er ocean never sailing back;
After them the red avengers, bitter hate for death had
sealed them,

Yelped the dark and red-eyed sleuth-hound unrelenting
on their track.

In their midst I saw one trooper, and around his waist I
noted

Tied a simple silken scarf of blue and white;
When my vision grasped it clearly to my hatred I devoted
him,
From all the hireling wretches who were mingled
there in flight.

For that token in the summer had been from our cabin
taken

By the robber-hands of wrongers of my kin;
'Twas my sister's—for the moment things around me
were forsaken—

I was blind to fleeing foeman, I was deaf to battle's
din.

Olden comrades round me lying dead or dying were un-
heeded—

Vain to me they looked for succor in their need;
O'er the corpses of the soldiers, through the gory pools I
speeded,

Driving rowel deep my spurs within my madly bound-
ing steed.

As I came he turned, and staring at my glaring eyes he
shivered;

Pallid fear went quickly o'er his features grim;
As he grasped his sword in terror, every nerve within
him quivered—

For his guilty spirit told him why I solely sought for
him.

Though the stroke I dealt he parried, onward carried,
down I bore him—

Horse and rider—down together went the twain;
"Quarter!"—He! that scarf had doomed him! stood a
son and brother o'er him—

Down through plume and brass and leather went my
sabre to the brain—

Never music like that crashing through the skull-bone
to the brain.

The Ancient Kings of Connaught.

O'CONNOR DON.

(Continued from our last.)

The pedigree continues the descent, in like manner,
from Muredach, thus: *Inrachta*, the twenty-third King
of Connaught, who reigned sixteen years, and died in the
year 724. He had two elder brothers, Cathal, or Char-
les, who was the eighteenth King of Connaught, and
ancestor of O'Donelan, O'Flanagan, O'Malvochory,
and O'Mulbrenin; and Canvach, his brother, was ancestor
of O'Finachty. *Murgall*, prince in Connaught, had a
brother, Hugh Balv, ancestor of the O'Fallons and
O'Beirnes. *Timothy*, or Tumultach, prince in Connaught,
died in the year 772. *Murias*, the twenty-ninth King
of Connaught, reigned thirty years and died in the year
1815. *Teige Mor*, "of the Turrets," reigned over Connaught
jointly with his brother Cathal, and died in the year
811. *Conor*, King of Connaught, reigned thirty-seven
years, and died in the year 882. *Cathal*, or Charles, King
of Connaught, died in the year 925, and was father of
Teige, King of Connaught, who married *Creassa*, daughter
of *Arca*, Lord of West Connaught, whose other daughter,
Beavonn, was wife of *Kenedy*, King of Munster; and
mother of *Brian Boru*. He reigned thirty-one years, and
died in the year 966. *Conchobhair*, or *Conor*, was King of
Connaught in the tenth century. From him the name *Ua*
Conchobhair, pronounced *Concovar*, or *O'Conor*, is de-
rived, and signifies "a helping warrior." He died in the
year 973. His son *Charles*, or *Cathal*, King of Connaught,
reigned thirty years, and died in the year 1010. He was
father of *Teige*, an *ick ghu*, or *Teige* "of the White

Steed," the forty-third King of Connaught, who reigned
twenty years, and died in the year 1030. He was the
first of his race that assumed the name of O'Conor, from
his grandfather, *Concovar* or *Conor*. This first O'Conor
was descended from a right royal line, in common with
the O'Neills, from Con of the Hundred Battles, and
other illustrious monarchs. Between the fourth and
eighth centuries fourteen of the Hy-Fiachra, or race of
Fiachra, another brother of Brian, and ancestor of the
O'Dowds, O'Heynes, O'Clerys, O'Shaughnessys, and other
chiefs in Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, were Kings of Con-
naught in the tenth century, and two or three of the
O'Rorkes of the Hy-Brinne race, are styled Kings of
Connaught by the Four Masters. With these exceptions,
the ancestors of the O'Conors of Hy Brinne and Siol-Mur-
ray, and the O'Conors themselves, held the sovereignty
of Connaught from the fifth to the fifteenth century—a
period of more than a thousand years. Two of them
were styled monarchs of Ireland in the twelfth century—
namely, *Turlough More O'Conor* and his son, *Roderick*
O'Conor, who reigned at the time of the Anglo-Norman
invasion. Hence the dynasty of this royal house of
O'Conor had a more lengthened duration than any of the
present royal houses of Europe, and possessed no mean
patrimony, much larger, geographically, and more physi-
cally important than the majority of the German prin-
cipalities of the present day. *Teige O'Conor* was succeeded
as King of Connaught by his son, *Hugh O'Conor*, "of the
Broken Spear," who reigned thirty-seven years, and died
in the year 1067.

Roderick, or *Rory O'Conor*, "of the Yellow Hand,"
became King of Connaught on the death of his father,
Hugh, in the year 1067. The usurpation of *Brian Boru*,
ancestor of the O'Briens, in the year 1000, by interrupt-
ing the succession of the ancient Hy-Niall dynasty, had
sown the seeds of domestic strife and opened the way for
new aspirants to the throne of the O'Neills. *Turlough*
O'Brien, the grandson of *Boru*, sought the dignity; but
Roderick O'Conor, King of Connaught, true to the tradi-
tions of his house, repudiated pretensions founded on
no higher title than the O'Brien motto—"The strogh
hand uppermost."

Turlough O'Brien invaded Connaught in revenge, and
a fierce struggle ensued, but it soon terminated in an-
other and unexpected manner. *O'Conor* unhappily fell
into the hands of his kindred, the O'Flahertys of West
Connaught, who cruelly blinded him, according to the
barbarous custom of the day. Blind, however, as he was,
the patriotic King of Connaught, in obedience to his high
sense of duty, attended, as did *Murtough O'Brien*, King of
Munster, at an imposing meeting of the provincial kings
and princes in the year 1090, when they sunk all personal
considerations in the higher and holier duty of patri-
otism, by solemnly agreeing to the restoration of the
ancient Hy-Niall dynasty, in the person of *Donnell*, King
of Ulster. *Roderick O'Conor* soon after joined a religious
order in the Monastery of Clonmacnoise, and prepared
himself, in that holy retreat, for his exit from this life
to another and a better world. He died in the abbey in
the year 1118.

Turlough More O'Conor, the son and successor of *Rode-
rick*, the blind and pious King of Connaught, was but
sixteen years of age at his father's death. He was a
prince of martial bearing and ambitious views. He ele-
vated his house to a higher position and greater power
than any of his predecessors. Disdaining the pretensions
of *Dermot O'Brien* to the broken sceptre of the O'Neills
and the vacant throne of "Ira," he asserted his own higher
claims, as the descendant of *Brian*, the brother of *Niall*
the Great. Aided by his father-in-law, *O'Melaghlin*,
King of Meath, he invaded Munster in the year 1118,
restored *MacCarthy* to *Desmond*, confined the sons of *Dermot*
O'Brien within their legitimate boundaries of
Thomond, and received the ancient rights of the former,
under the will of *Olioll Olum*, to alternate succession to
the throne of Munster. Provoked again by the O'Briens,
he returned to Munster in the following year, and, pass-
ing up the Shannon with a numerous fleet, swept the
shores of *Thomond*, and hurled their palace of *Kincora*,
"both stones and timber," into the river. The ingrati-
tude of the *MacCarthy*s provoked him, and he entered
Thomond in the year 1121, and wasted it from *Tralee*
to *Lismore*. Again, in the year 1127, he invaded *Cork* by
sea and land, drove *Cormac MacCarthy* from his kingdom,
and divided Munster into three parts. But *Conor O'Brien*
and *Dermot MacCarthy* gave him a check. They invaded
Connaught in his absence and destroyed the castle of
Galway. A fierce war broke out in the year 1142,
between him and *Turlough O'Brien*, King of Munster,
which was carried on for some years with much inveter-
acy. It was a struggle for the monarchy. But these
pretensions were silenced, in the year 1150, by the valiant
Prince *Murtough McNeill*, King of Ulster, whose
military genius eclipsed all competitors. He restored,
in his person, the ancient Hy-Niall dynasty, and received
hostages from *O'Conor* and *O'Brien*, in token of their
submission. The King of Connaught acted on this occa-
sion with the ancient chivalry and loyalty of his house.
He did not resist the restoration of the Hy-Niall line, and
the hostages of his kingdom of Connaught were brought
to the monarch *Murtough*, without any necessity for a
public demonstration. The Hy-Niall monarch was not
unmindful of the forbearance and courtesy of the King
of Connaught, and when he expelled from Meath *Murtough*
O'Melaghlin, who was anathematized by the clergy for
his crimes, he gave a third of that province to *O'Conor*.
The latter, who had long exercised a superior sovereign
authority over Munster, entered that province again in
the year 1151 to adjust differences between *Teige O'Brien*
and his brother *Conor*. At *Moin Mor* his Conacian
troops and *Leinster* auxiliary encountered *Turlough*
O'Brien at the head of his *Dalcassian* army of nine thou-
sand men, as they were returning, flushed with victory,
from spoiling and plundering *Desmond*. A fierce engage-
ment ensued. The renowned *Dalcassians* fought with
their accustomed valor, but they had no mean foe to
contend with in their adversaries. In the din of battle
chief sought chief, and fell pierced with wounds. *Mur-
tough O'Brien*, Prince of *Thomond*, after performing
prodigies of valor, was slain, and around him lay
stretched in death heaps of fallen chiefs, the flower of
Mononia and the other province—*Aunsler O'Grady*,
lord of *Hy-Caisin*, and five others of the O'Grady's, with
five of the O'Neills, and other chiefs. But in the end
victory declared against the *Dalcassians*. Too brave for
flight, 7,000 of them were slain on the field of battle, and
Turlough O'Conor, the victor, assumed the sovereignty
of Munster. In the following year, 1151, he re entered
that province and restored the ancient divisions. To
Cormac MacCarthy he gave *Desmond*, and *Thomond* to
Tiege and *Turlough O'Brien*; and, shortly after, in the
same year, he joined the monarch *Murtough* in dismem-
bering Meath, which they divided between *Murtough*
O'Melaghlin and his son, *Melaghlin*, and they expelled
O'Rourke from *Brefney*. The elopement of *O'Rourke's*
wife, the *Princess Devoygil*, in the following year, 1152,
enlisted the active sympathy of the King of Connaught.
She was his sister-in-law, his queen having been her sis-
ter. This "false young one" of *Moore's* poetic fancy,
had arrived at the mature age of forty-four, and the
Paris of her adventure, *Dermot MacMurtough*, sixty-two,
when the elopement from *Brefney* took place. *O'Conor*
rescued her in the following year, from *MacMurtough*,
with her dowry, which she had taken with her; and restor-
ing her to her family, the unfortunate princess retired

immediately into the Abbey of *Mellfont*, erected a
convent at *Clonmacnoise*, and endeavored, by a long
life of charity and penance, to expiate the fatal error
which she had fallen into from the ill-treatment of her
husband.

The friendly relations which had so long subsisted be-
tween *Turlough O'Conor*, King of Connaught, and the
monarch *Murtough MacNeill*, were unfortunately inter-
rupted at this time. *O'Conor*, had, for a length of time,
exercised sovereign power over Munster. The two bro-
thers, *Teige* and *Turlough O'Brien*, between whom he
had divided *Thomond*, quarrelled, and *Tiege* expelled his
brother. The monarch *Murtough* now interfered, in
quality of his superior suzerainty, and entered Munster in
the year 1153, with his northern army, to reinstate *Tur-
lough O'Brien*. The King of Connaught, who aspired
to the monarchy, took this opportunity of trying con-
clusions with *King Murtough*, and marched into Munster
to the support of *Teague O'Brien*. But the monarch
suddenly assailed and defeated *O'Brien's* forces before
O'Conor could come up, and then, advancing rapidly on
the latter, defeated a division under the command of his
son *Roderick*, and compelled the King of Connaught
himself to retreat into that province. This reverse,
which humbled him so much in the presence of the *Mon-
onians*, whom he had subdued, chafed the proud spirit
of the King of Connaught, and, in the following year,
1154, his fleet, commanded in person by the Admiral of
Connaught, *O'Dowda*, spoiled and plundered the coasts
of *Tunishowen* and *Tir-conall*. *King Murtough* encoun-
tered this marine enemy by a subsidised *Scoto-Danish*
fleet from the *Hebrides*, commanded by *MacScelling*,
and, after a fierce naval engagement off the coast of *In-
nishowen*, the Connaught forces were victorious, but
with the loss of their admiral, *O'Dowda*, and a vast num-
ber of officers and men. Hostilities still continued by
land between *O'Conor* and the monarch. The latter
carried the war into Connaught, which he wasted, but
the unfortunate warfare was brought to a close. The
valiant King of Connaught died at *Dunmore*, in *Galway*,
on the 19th of May, 1156, in the 68th year of his age,
after he had reigned over Connaught fifty years. He
was a man of rigid and inexorable justice, and no re-
specter of persons in its administration. He caused his
own son, *Hugh O'Conor*, to be blinded for some offence
he had committed, and *Roderick*, his son and successor,
he imprisoned twice. He also expelled his father-in-law,
Murtough O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, from his terri-
tory for his crimes, and punished *O'Rourke* of *Brefney*
for his cruelty to his wife, the *Princess Devoygil*, by de-
priving him of his territory. In adjusting the affairs of
Munster, he rigidly adhered to the terms of the will of
Olioll Olum, by restoring *Desmond* to the *Pugensians*,
who were the elder line, and of whom the *McCarthy*s
were chief. He effectually broke the power of the
O'Briens of *Thomond* and the *Dalcassians*, at the great
battle of *Moin Mor*; from thenceforward the *O'Briens*
sank into lords or chiefs in *Thomond*, and disappear
altogether from history as Kings of Munster. The ashes
of *Turlough More O'Conor*, the magnificent King of Con-
naught, and "the Augustus of Western Europe," as he
is called by the annalists, repose in the Abbey of *Clon-
macnoise*. His will is a memorial of his great wealth,
his magnificence, taste and piety. After having distrib-
uted his precious household furniture, his gold and
silver vases, goblets, gems, jewels, musical instruments,
chess-boards, his studs of horses, military weapons, and
other valuable matters, he bequeathed to the Cathedral
of *Clonmacnoise*, and other churches, 540 ounces of pure
gold, and sixty marks of silver, with gold and silver
chalices and crosses, and directed that his favorite
horse, arms, bow and quiver, should be deposited at
Clonmacnoise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, Kille-
naule, County Tipperary.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1860.

To the Editor of the Phoenix.

DEAR SIR,—As I am preparing to comply with the re-
quest contained in the annexed letter from the reverend
Pastor of Killenaule, county Tipperary, I will feel
obliged if you can give it a place in an early issue of the
PHOENIX, so that our friends in all quarters may under-
stand what we intend to do here.

I have myself very little to say, because I think it un-
necessary to urge my countrymen to do anything merito-
rious, well knowing how many noble efforts they have
always made, whenever the old land or the old church
required their devoted aid. On the contrary, I feel con-
fident that this simple notification will be quite sufficient
to awaken in the breasts of many a generous impulse,
and, especially at this time, thoughts and reminiscences
of the old familiar scenes and faces.

I will be happy to receive contributions from those
who desire it, and if others wish, in remote places, to
hand their subscriptions to a clergyman or other reliable
person, who would send the amount direct to my rever-
end friend, I will be equally pleased.

Among those who I think would have no objection to
aid the cause, I will mention a few of my friends and
fellow students:

Reverend Thomas Quigley, Raleigh, N. C.; P. Feehan,
St. Louis, Mo.; Richard O'Gorman, New Haven, Ct.; F.
J. Purcell, Troy, N. Y.; Drs. J. C. O'Neill, Providence,
R. I.; Richard Corcoran, Millwood, Mo.; T. N. De Bowes,
Bridgeport, Ct., &c.

The names and residences of subscribers will be pub-
lished regularly, and to those who desire it a handsome
lithograph of the church will be given, on application,
as soon as they can be received from Ireland. Once a
year also the contributors will be remembered in the
holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Contributors and collectors will please register any
remittances they may send, or if the amount is large,
procure a letter of credit on some respectable house or
bank in this city. WILLIAM O'MEAGHER, 89 Water street.

P. S.—Editors of Catholic journals will confer a favor
by copying this appeal.

HELEN PARK, KILLENAULE, June 12, 1860.

Wm. O'Meagher, Esq., M. D.

My Dear Sir,—I am engaged in the important and ar-
duous undertaking of building a church. I propose that
it shall be, in some measure, worthy of the object for
which it is intended and of the soil on which it is to
stand. I ask, and I hope I will receive, your kindest
sympathy. The outlay will be about £8,000—£3,000 of
which our good people have already contributed with an
alacrity and generosity that do them much credit. Our
architect, Mr. J. J. McCarthy, promises that it will be
one of the most interesting churches to be found in the
south of Ireland. Where your cooperation would be
particularly valuable, if among the many persons known
to you (and over whom you have influence, and espe-
cially the Irish) you appointed collectors, and though
the contributions may, in most instances, be small, yet,
from the very many that would give something, a consid-
erable sum would be realized. I leave the matter in
your hands as you have already proved that you were in-
terested about it.

I am, my dear sir, faithfully and affectionately yours,
M. LAFFAN, P. P. Killenaule.